

CHAPTER IV.

Next morning Mary went eagerly and loyouxly to the ndow, for here indeed was a welcome change; no ast expanse of wind driven sea, blue as the very den flashes of white from the crests of its swift hur-rying waves. The sky cloudiess, the fresh breeze blow straight in from the Atlantic, the world all shinng around her-even those long spore and bendlands, vailing similgist. And out youder, too, was the island of Helmen, to which her syes would come back again and again with a curious interest. She thought of the lone mother and of the boy brought up like a reckless and unscrupulous ne'er-do-well, an Ish-neel with his hand against every man; well, that was but, nevertheless, deep down in her heart there was an odd and ever recurring feeling of companction. She wished to be able to say "I am sorry." Certainly it was not she who had destroyed the last relic and monment of the ancient name—who had drained the loch and levelled the old stronghold with the ground; and a must know that; but she wished him to know more; she wished him to know how indiguant she had been andalism. And then again (as she still stood gazing t the island out there in the wide blue waters, with is southern coasts), it seemed to her that she rather americs, might he not laugh at her stumbling apologles? Or in his Highland pride be might storn her hem birth, and vouchsafe no word in reply? Well, being sorry was all that remained for her; what her power to bring back Castle Heimra from that

She had got up very early, but she did not care waken Kate, who was no doubt tired with the long firive of yesterday; she thought instead she would quietly slip outside and have some little investiga tion of her surroundings. So she quietly included fressing, went down through the forty oak hall, passed out upon the construction and from thence jessended into the garden, where she found herself put stone. The air was sweet and soft; there was present event of newly delyed earth and every pleasant scent of newly delved earth, and everyand already come to this sheltered space-for there rere masses of duffodils and primroses and wallflowers aglow in the warm sunlight, and there were samples of blossoms on the cherry trees trained up stone wall. She went away down to the end of the garden, opened a door she found there and, passing through, entered the wilder solitude of And ever as she wandered idly and careessiy along the sense that she was the mistress and of all these beautiful things around her ned to grow on her and produce a certain not unpotten all the problems in human nature and in econmies that lay ahead of her; here she had all the world to berself—this pictureseque world of silvery gray rock and golden gorse, and taller larch and spruce, all dappled with sun and shadow, while the fresh odors of the spring were everywhere around, and a stirring of the new life of the year. And then, when she had fought her way through the thick underwood of the summit of one of the wentward looking cliffs—behold! the dark blue sea and the summy beadinade, and Ellean Heimra, with its thunder shocks of foam. Heimra Island again; it seemed to be always confronting her; but however long she might gaze in that direction there was no sign of any white winged yacht coming salling out into the blue.

And at the same moment her attention was drawn to a man not far from the roadside who, in his little bit of rocky ground, was making use of an implement the like of which she had never seen or heard of.

What is that, Mr. Purdie? Is it some kind of spade?"

And then she scrambled down from this height to the water's edge, and here she discovered a most sepestered little haven—a small, semi-circular bay sheltered from the land winds by rocks and trees, while the pellucid green sea broke in ripples of silver along the cream white and Iliac pebbles. A most solitary spot-and quiet, and sunny, and peaceful; she began to think that whatever might be done with other portions of her property she would keep this little bit of pic-turesque seclusion entirely for herself. This surely could be of no use to anybody—the pebbly beach, the rocks purple black with mussels or olive green with seaweed, the clear green water whispering along the shere. Political economy should not follow her thither; here would be her place of rest-her place of dreaming—when she was done with studying the wants or others and wished to commune with ber own soul.

wants of others and wished to commune with her own soul.

But all of a sadden she found she was not alone—an apparithon had become visible—a sortification of the sadden she come with the sound the rocky point, and was now regarding her with dumb apparension. This was a girl of about five-andiventy who had something of an irish cast of face-fair complexioned, freekied, a filted nose, gray eyes wide apart and startided looking, and curly light brown half that was mostly conceased by the scarled sanwi site wore round her head and shoulders. She regarded Miss Stanley with obvious fear and did not anyance; her eyes that had the timidity of a will anyance; her eyes that had the timidity of a will anyance; her eyes that had the timidity of a will anyance; her eyes that had be the timidity one chief of the sadden something more than that—they seemed to say that the poor creature was but half-witted. Nevertheless the young proprieties instantly concluded that this was one of "her people," and that, therefore, she was bound to make friends.

"Good morning," said Mary, and she brought her wonder-working andle and dimple into play, as she well knew how.

A quick light of wonder and pleasure sprang into the girl's eyes. She came forward a little way thuidly. She smiled, in a pleading sort of fashion. And then she ventured to hold out her hand timidly. Mary went forward at once.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance," she said, in her bland tones, "and you must tell me who you are."

But the girl, taking the band that was offered her.

t the girl, taking the hand that was offered her.

A pulsary to Boart Briggs size said, starting at the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would that do you, the num. "Why, what good would not have a properly the numery would be not rathe to good any with the special several times something that sounded like you." "The starting something the sounded several times something the you with pleased and wistin eyes, not the good and wistin eyes, not the singular time. "The grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held her hand and partied it, and love the grid sail held the hand and the sail her sail

for her. That is what she would be saying to Miss Stanley."

"Bashara, can you tell me why the girls should be airaly of Mr. Purdle?"

"Oh, well, indeed, ma'am, they were saying that Mr. Purdle was for having her sent away to an asylum; and it is no doubt Anna would rather be among her own people."

"To an asylum?" Mary demanded sharply. "For what reason? She does no harm:"

"There is no harm about Anna Clammeh, "said Bartara, simply and seriously, as she busied herself with the table things. "There is no harm at all about Anna Clammeh, poor girl. But when Mr. Purdle whose a thing to be done, then it has to be done."

The bod bloof rounted to Mary Stanley's face.

"Oh, do you think so" said she, rather breathlessly, "for i do not think so at all! It is not Mr. Purdle who is to be the master hare—when I am here. I will lot Mr. Purdle understand that he is not to—to interfere with my people..."

"Mary!" said Kate Glendinning, in an undertone. Mary was silent; she knew she had been indiscreed. But presently she said:

"Well, Kathehen, I see I must learn Gaelic."

"Gaelic," observed Kate, sententiously, "is a very intricate key, and then when you've got it, and put it in the lock, and turned it, you find the cupboard emply."

"Perimps so with regard to literature—I do not

searms mhin?" stid Barbara, with a smile, is 'the gentle Indy.' And that is what ach would be calling Miss Stanley, I have that."

the like of which she had never seen or heard of "What is that, Mr. Fundie? Is it some kind of spade?"

"Oh, just a foot plough—there's no other kind of plough would be of any use in this district."

And nothing would do but that she must descend and examine this novel method of thisgre. She went boldly up to the man. He was a tell, lean, swarthy person, severe of aspect, who kept a pair of hawk-like eyes fixed on the factor all the time he rather unwillingly answered her questions. For Mary, to her great delight, discovered that this man could speak English; and she wanted information at first hand; and indeed she immediately showed a very definite knowledge of what she was after. The man clearly did not like being cross-examined; again and again he resumed his delving operations with that long conitered instrument that he worked with foot and arms; but she would take no beed of his sullen humor. What stock had he?—two cows, two stirks, eight sheep up on the common nasture, and a pony. What potatoes did he raise?—well, he would plant about two barrels, and maybe get ten or twelve barrels. Did he make any meal?—hardly any; the cows and stirks did not let his crops come to the threshing. And so forth, until Mary said:—

"But I don't see where you get any capital to work the croft, or to increase the stock if we could give you more land. You don't seem to be getting any money."

"No, no money at ahl's said the crofter. "Listen to him," interposed Mr. Purdie, with an angry frown. "Let me tell you this, Miss Stanley;—That man gets twenty-five shillings a week, gillle's wages, when the genthemen are up for the shooting, and besides that he hirrs his pony to them at twenty-tiree shillings a week; and i suppose he's just the one to cry out that not a sportsman should be allowed to come into the committy."

"Is it true that you get that money?" said Mary, calmir.

money."

"Well, I am only making inquiries at present,"
said Miss Stanley. "I wish to know what improvements are possible—I wish to know what the people

ments are possible—I wish to know what the people want—

But here, to her surprise, sie was interrupted.

"A railway," said the tall, blacksa-vised crofter.

"A railway," she repeated.

"A railway to Bount.

"A railway.

"A ra

with grim sarcesm.

"The inn, for example?"

"The inn is different. We built the inn. The landlord is only a yearly tenant."

"We will go down and see him at once, if you please, Mr. Purdie," add Mary with promptitude. "I have a scheme in my head. Kathchen, are you tien!" We built the inn. The

tie apprehensive.
Peter, said Mr. Purdie, in his merry way,
a ye frightened for? Ye've got a face as if
dered somebody. We're not going to raise



would be a fair rent to ask—
"I would charge them 30 pounds sterling a month," said he.
She looked up a trifle indignant.
"Oh, I see. The fishing is worth nothing wille I have it, but it's worth 30 pounds sterling a month when you have it, is that how the matter stands? Do you call that fair dealing? Well I haven't given you the fishing pet—not on those terms." She rose—rather proudly. "Come, Kathchen, I think we might go and have a look at this fishing that seems to after in value so remarkably the moment it changes hands. We need not trouble you, Mr. Purdie, Good evening!" This last saluration was addressed to the landlord, who seemed to have no word of explanation to offer; then the two girls went out from the iam, and walked off in the direction of the liver, which they had seen in passing on the previous erening.

Many was no doubt considerably hunt and offended, and there were still further trials in store for her before the end of this arduous and disappointing day. She had proposed this excursion to the river chiefly in order to get id of Mr. Purdie; but when she and Kathchen found themselves by the side of Garra, a vague enrosity drew them on, until they had penetrated into solitades where the stream for the most part by still and dark under the gloom of the steep overhanging banks. There was something strategely impressive in the silence and in the dusk; for while a distant range of hill flamed russet in the western light—an unimaginable glory—the stealthily creeping there was here almost black in shealow, under the thek birchwoods. And then saddenly she caught Kathchen by the arm. Surely there was some one there—a figure out in the stream—a fault gruy ghost in the mysterious twillight? And then a stertling thing occurred. The figure moved and instantiy on the black and oily surface of the water there was a series of vivid blue-white circles widening out and out, and slowly subsiding into the dark again. Each time the gray ghost moved ouward (and the two girls stood motionless, watching this strange p

cathehen turned to the keeper.

"You need not wish, Hector," said she, in an undertone.

Then she went to her friend. Many had broken down completely and was sobbing bitterly.

"Mamie!"

"I-I am not used to it," she said, between her gobs. "All day long it has been nothing but hatred—and—and I am not used to being hated. What have I done to deserve it? I wished to—to do what was right by every one—and—and I tried my—my very hardest to make friends with every one. It is not fair—"

"No, it is not," said Kathehen, and she took her friend by the hand and led her brok into the room. But you must not be disheartened all at once. Give them time. They don't maderatend you yet. And I will hack you to make friends sgalus any one I ever know; the fact is, Mary, you have always found it so easy that when you meet with a little trouble you are terribly disappointed. They don't hate roo, those people; they don't know you—that is all.

And indeed the girl's marally sumy temperament soon broke through these glooms and bitter mortifications.

"After all, Kathehen," she said, good humoredly, "I

"After all, Kathchen." she said, good humeredly, "late not quite lost a day; I was forgetting that made one friend." There was an odd smile shining from beinind her tears. "It is true she is built witted, but all the same I am glad that Anna Clannach seemed to approve of me."

[CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.]

FATHER OF THE PUSH CART.

CHAT WITH THE GENIUS WHO "STOCKS UP" THE "FAR E" AND STARTS HIM ON TO FOR-

Out of the madding crowd, through giant ninepins of rolled paper and groups of blackened machinists and crowding trucks, and past pie shops and screened gambling dens till your hurried pace drives you to the street centre, where at last you find no obstacle to quick progress but mud, and then -quiet!

You are in lower Ann street, with life fast throbbing left behind and deathlike quiet in the 'Swamp' beyond.

Dodging a push cart loaded to the brim with musty novels, their musty titles making known their morally cobwebbed contents, you rush on with Broadway haste, your nostrils filled with fetid rag odors from nearby junk shops, till your neryous eye reads, among a mass of fellow creakers the sign "F. Brasher, Feddlers Supplied." THE PEDLER'S PRIEND.

way, should be the fine the stranger of the lyour way, should be the faint burst of light a smoky sky pane gives to the cloc ahead, when you suddenly find yourself in a square room, piled ceiling high with shelves in which are small paper boxes and packages and burdles innumerable, all in hopeless chaos, yet all looking cleaner for their contrast with the neighboring labyring as of old bottles and too lead. neighboring labyrinths of old bottles and tes lead all this at one glance, and then your eye lights on the other human occupant of this queer place and your start of surprise at sight of him is answered by his quiet glanes of pride of proprietorship at his reeking shelves, and you know you are confronting the "pedier's friend."

He's a pleasant surprise, this godfather of street shouters. Six feet tall, with a gentle, quiet voice that comes through pearly teeth, smooth shaven and spotlessly linened, and he tells you how he started in at eight years of age to earn his bread and pie, and you are surprised again to find that he's been at it twenty-eight years, and you are convinced that mushrooms and soft crabs must be his present diet, when he confidentially tells you that he can call on his bank now for \$50,000.

Mary, with decision. "For if every one had a right to the salmon, in a fortaight's time there would not be a single salmon left in the river, and besides, do you forget that there is the law," interposed Mr. Purile, who seemed to be in a most facetous mood. "Not more than two months ago Peter found that out when the Shelff at Dingwall fined him ton stiflings, and ten shillings expenses for having contried and used a gum without a license. There is a goust sufficient of law in the land, as Peter has just found on."

The young man's cree were filled with a sullen fire; but ne said moting.

"However," continued Miss Stanley, not heeding this interruption, "I would not notisis much on ront, I might even give you the spring fishing for nothing, if you thought it would induce the gentlemen to come and occupy the im. It is an out-of-the-way place; but perhaps you would not be charging them very much either—not very much—I don't quite know what more. Now Orleans—in fact, wherever, there is a public."

She looked up a trile indignant.

"Oh, I see. The sishing is worth nothing while I have it, but it's worth 30 pounds sterling a month," said he.

She looked up a trile indignant.

"Oh, I see. The tishing is worth nothing while I have it, but it's worth 30 pounds sterling a month," said he.

She looked up a trile indignant.

"Oh, I see. The itsing is worth nothing while I have it, but it's worth 30 pounds sterling a month, when it is not the serious has been and expert the serious has been made a sensible amusement no one whom I have been able to see knows. It is really foot-sum and occupy the im. It is an out-of-the-way place; but perhaps you would not be charging them very much either—not very much—I don't quite know what more. New Orch Arthletic Glub has not organized a public."

The trip is a proper of the contribution of

'public.'

HOW PRICES ARE TIMED.

"Prices are five, ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents—never twenty. What don't sell at a quarter slumps to fifteen, and a 'tonner' that falls to fetch generally reaches the popular pocket at five. What don't catch on we 'sium'—shelte it, you know, but I know what's what, and we do precious little 'slumming.

'elumming.' are all steady, honest fellows. I 'estock them up,' they sail, the risk is mine. It's a steady living all year round for them. I have sixty of them off and on, and I 'put off \$25,000 worth of otherwise unsalable merchandise and novelties

orderwise instance every year.

"Occasionally the boys get the common allment of 'big lead." A few days or weeks of good 'sells' may line a fellow's purse with twenty-five 'bones.' He then rests on his oars, eats at Hitchcock's and dissipates at Miner's or the 'London' till it's all gone. Then he's ready for work again."

EASILY RECTIFIED.

Reporter-You made a mistake in giving me this City Editor-Impossible. I never made a mistake

in my life.

Reporter—That may be, but the man is alive.

Ion sent me for his oblivary.

City Editor—Well, what of that. We look to you to correct such trifles. Just go back and kill him.

DINNA FORGET.

Forget that time has moved the world away his generations from all discolars a day.
Whereon he sand by the Alinettes Burns beet a superior of the sand by the best still turns.
The incarinations of the world thought.
The incarinations of the world thought.
The objective voice that clicks across the world.
The clectric voice that clicks across the world.
The major trumpt that o's reaches space.
Brings voice to voice, when face is far from face, to rest the wonder, that the school child learns,
The better to hear the singing preacher, Burns,

Oh, gifted soull to Scottish hearts how deart whose stirring stoulds sound carnest and sincere; Who new strikes up the rant and now the Psalm; New soles with Mary and rears out in Tam: Whose amber wit surrounds the homeless mouse And gives to it an eserciasting house; whose humble cotor, with his simple heart, New sits exaited in a michr apart; Who caught the joily begrave in the act. And made sile pains of this tows ear of fact; Whose songs were words and music at their birth. And water our glary, sorrew, love and mirch. Oh, stering soull whose living weres inspired to great to play buffeon fee ford or equies; Who enred no more for new light than for old; Who enred and mirch who hold; Who shall sufficiently had been bedief whose state without of health who hold; Whose faith surfamed the botther-load of man; Who lived and died a true republicas.

Who lived and died a true republican.

Dinna forget, though Hurns is made a text
On which the elect of this world and the matiThe rich and righteons—now delight to diwal.
They come unbidd-n to the post's wal.
They come unbidd-n to the post's wal.
They come unbidd-n to the post's wal.
Their contons, habits, manners, leves, bopes, loys,
The wars and woof his master liand sampleys.
Dinna forget, for all that folks now say,
When Burns, the base, was living out his day.
The suines stamp did not make correct good
Of the precious ingols from his while sere mould.
Says for a wine says, in anguestade of power.
At the precious lagols from his while sere mould.
Says for a wine says, in anguestade of power.
At they for the calculation of the first the first the first the first the series of rough adversity he here the heart.
They antertained in angul in his case.
But opened the door to shut he would thrive.
From Dr. Hernbooks trait protensions arris.
The Holy Willies courres with safer's whip.
The wealthy "dubderpates" would finely seems.
And learn anew that "man was made to mourn."
Dituns forget, were Hurns allre this day.
With these same butter things to sine sad say,
He still would sear the uneo guid's reproof.
He still would sear the uneo guid's reproof.
He still would sear the uneo guid's reproof.
He still would sear the prince of passion's breath,
Would reach his heart's desire—after death!
Dinna forget that Burns could not encape
The Late that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows us in many a shape:
The state that follows he man man to the copie;
It will be not be one of the state of the copie;
It would call the state of the copie;
It would not chear the state of the copie;
It would not chear the state of

The Scatto whom the word aends greeting.
The hard we weary not repeating.
The Burns whose ster is fixed, unflecting.
In heaven set:

The man with beart for puir folk beating—
Dinna forget:

Heater Ma - Hunter MacGullock.

IN A SWIMMING TANK

How the New York Athletic Club Practises the New Game of Water Polo.

SCHLESINGER VERSUS GUS SUNDSTROM

New Rules of the Sport and a National Association Soon To Be Formed.

perous broker, who lives on Washington Heights, at the club or on Travers Island, depending upon the season of the year, and makes it a rule to let business interfere with athletics as little as posalble. He has been captain of the club football team when clubs and not colleges were leaders in this dangerous pastime. He is at present treasurer of the American Football Union, and the other of-

Mr. Schlesinger is one of the favorite pupils of Gus Sundstrom, the champion swimmer of the world and the instructor of swimming in the club. Mr. Schlesinger can do the "corkscrew" and the "back turtlo" and other things that try amateur

fices he has held-and well held, too-would fill a



swimmers' souls, and enjoys swimming almost as well as he does football. Some time ago he discovered that the old water pole game-a ridiculous and frivolous sport, played with old time "shinney" sticks by men who straddled kegs in a swimming tank-had been so changed and improved that it was really worth playing, and he decided to look

it was found in Boston and Providence in the was brought here two mouths e.go. After its suc-cessful introduction by Mr. Schleninger it was taken up by the Manhattau club and will be a

The New York Athletic Club has not organized a

other by Gue Sundstrom. There are six players on each side, and two or more practice games are played every week. One is invariably played on Sunday afternoon at a convenient after dinner hour.

I went to the game last Sunday. The artist at at one end of the big tank on a rail that, in sharpness, was a compromise between the top rail of an Ulater county farmer's tence and his best Sunday razor. Next to him stood Walter Schnyler, the president of the club, who knew too much to sit down, having had experience. Between the artist and myself came the judge, or to be more exact, one of the judges.—Mr. Edward Berry. Now Mr. Berry is not a large man. President Schlesinger would make two of him is size, and Captain Schlesinger would make one and a half and have a few othness to spare. But when it comes to swimming, and particularly to water polo games, he is a glant in cut husiasm. I a threatened attack of pneumonis, and the presence of two restraining arms that belonged to a friend, were all that prevented his jumping into the water on several occasions, especially when he saw big Gus Sundstrom leap out of the water like an excited from and seat himself on an opposing player's head in an intereating tackle.

Of course you know how long it takes to run a

A SHORT GAME.

Of course you know how long it takes to run a houserace. Some one who knew what he was talking



A LONG THROW.

the local club. In a few weeks the Boston, Providence, New York and Manhattan Athletic clubs will send delegates to a conference, where regulations will be established for match games, and these new rules will probably govern the sport in the main. Here are the rules:

THE NEW BULES.

The ball to be an Association Footbell No. 3, painted white, not less than eight liches or more than uine inches to diameter.

de in case of disablement and receive prize if on winling side.

Time of play, twanty minutes—ten minutes each way
in five minutes rest at half time.

The captains shall be playing members of teams they
present, and siall toes for choice of ends of tens. The
nis to he changed at half time.

The referes shall throw ball in centre of tank, the start
r ball only to be made at sound of whistle.

Rall going out of the tank to be thrown in centre opsitio where it crosses bounds.

No player is allowed to interfere with an epponent nese and an opponent is in school contact with the ball,
within three feet of it. Any slavent rangequesting this
lo shall be guilty of a foul. It chall also be a foul to
the shall be made at contact with the ball,
tanks and a line drawn across. No player may coustiant had be opponent's goal line until the bell impute
ay within the opponent's goal line until the bell impute
ay within the goal being goal being the account from this rule. It shall be a foul to cross the
nearly goal being goal to be a foul to cross the
nearly goal being gained the opposite teams go to well equipped athletic clubs this season. Water old is the name of this new impelling force, and miess an athletic club is particularly well equipped a cannot be played during the winter season.

This is how it came about, for games that are orth playing do not happen like freaks and President for the came of the came about the same of the season of the playing do not happen like freaks and President for the came of the ca

ball is.

The fifth goal is made by Captain Schlesinger. There have been pretty plays before, but this is the prettiest of them all. The ball is passed under water to nim by Knoblauch, and he gets it into the hollow of his back and gets his back against the side of the tank by aspecies of segerdemain known only to expert swimmers. Then he treads water industriously and helps the other fellows to hunt for the ball. It is great sport. It is more—it is exciting sport. Big Gus comes down and hustles the



A RUSH FOR GOAL, players around, for tricks have been played on him before, and he is beginning to grow "foxy" him-solf.

before, and he is beginning to grow "foxy" himself.

A NEAT FLAY.

At the proper time the captain of the reds leaves the crowd that has gathered around him. He executes this manocurve in a masterly way. He disappears from sight. He has already with an air of beautiful simplicity, shown to his opponents that he does not know where the ball is, and during the exhibition he has managed to get the hall between his legs. When he disappears he swins with his hands and under water, keeping the ball safely in place until he reaches the opposite goal and wins it.

The sixth and last goal is won by "Jim" Cavanach by an under-the-surface swim, such as 6us employed earlier in the game, and the sport comes to an end.

In this brief outline of the game I have only mentioned the leading features of the play. There are others that deserve record. There was one when fins got the ball and sat down with it on the bottom of the tank and waited until the crowd passed by. Then he came up and resumed his public playing. It was brilliant work, but it falled to win. Another play was when Gus climbed on top of Kintner's shoulders—big Kintner (the best goal-keeper in the ciub)—and sat down on him, calmly pressing his face against the tiled bottom of the tank. That was a good—very good—but a losing tackle, because Kintner had already disposed of the ball.

These were a tew of the incidents of the game. Among the others was the breaking of a player s

the ball.

These were a few of the incidents of the game. Among the others was the breaking of a player stoe. He hit it against an opponent's head and Dr. Austin Flint was called down from his regular Sunday billiard game to set it.

Let me say in conclusion that this was a friendly game. When the New York's team plays against the Manhattan's, then there will be excitement that will go down to fame spelt with a capital 'L' and accompanied by a clamor that nothing outside of Wagner's music has ever been able to reproduce.

TOO INDULGENT BY FAR,

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SMALL BOY, THE KIND

PARENT AND THE NEW MINISTER. "Yes," said Mr. Easyman to the Rev. Dr. Prudent,

shout described a borse race some shat as follows:

He said that there was a big crowd with allot of mon, half as many a owne and a few borses. When the horses started round the track everybody yelled something different and he looked for an instant in his hand to see what was the name of the horse he bet on. When he looked up all was compared the better to the see what was the name of the horse he better to the horse historian.

"Sailtpeter! Thunder! He's a back number, the historian."

"Sailtpeter! Thunder! He's a back number, the historian."

"Sailt nore side a whitle, a saplate." I sain't no ancient historian."

"Sailt nore yells and the game is over. Last Stunday sir coils were made in twenty-five munules. This included the time it took to get the players out of water, on to the platforms and ready for another go at the boal, but fill not include five minutes of intermission between the two halves durated book many the heady of the historian."

From these two canada and from some other players out of water, quarter back; C. E. Knoblauch, quarter back; C. E. Knoblauch,